

Wet and Messy by Carerra_os

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Summary:

The boys taking turns with watersports

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Steve gasps at the first shock of that hot wet stream hitting him right below the neck, yellow heat sliding down his skin.

1. Billy

Wet and Messy Part 1 Billy

They are in the empty locker room after practice, the rest of their team long gone, they've been here for a while, Steve on his knees as Billie fucks his face. Steve is hard and leaking a pool of pre on the tiled floor that washes away to the drain with the spray from the nearby shower heads. Billy holds his head in a firm grip and thrusts hard, balls coming up and slapping Steve's chin with the momentum, the sound echoing against the walls. Billy holds him still, cock shoved deep as he cums down his throat, not letting go until he has nothing left to spurt and Steve's tongue sliding up against him is too much.

Steve sags a little, taking in gasping breaths as Billy loosens his hold and lets his cock slip free. Steve is still hard cock pretty and pink flushing darker by the second and all it will take is one touch but Billy has a different idea. "Want to try something, you're going to let me." Billy says it firm, like a command but he knows if Steve really does not want it he will let him know.

Billy takes his flaccid cock in hand, shuddering just a little, still sensitive from having cum so recently. Billy sees the moment of recognition in Steve's eyes, the moment he catches on, lips going thin as he snaps his mouth shut. He does not say no, nor does he raise a protest despite all his hesitation when they have talked about doing this kind of thing before. Billy cards a hand through Steve's hair before tangling his fingers in his damp locks and pulling his head back making him stretch that long mole spotted neck. Billy relieves the pressure in his bladder.

Steve gasps at the first shock of that hot wet stream hitting him right below the neck, yellow heat sliding down his skin. Billy moves lower aiming for a nipple grinning at the little shudder Steve gives as he makes all of these little shocked breathy noises. Billy hits his other

nipple, rewarded with yet another sound before he is moving even lower following drips of yellow down Steve's stomach to his cock.

Steve was not cold before but this, this feels searing, makes everything else feel chilled by comparison. Steve has always been hesitant to try this, never saying yes but also never saying no, always concerned about the hygienic aspect, a need for cleanliness ingrained into him at a young age. Deep down he knew one day Billy was going to push and ask and he was going to give in. He is not sure he was prepared to be marked like this, to feel used and then degraded in such a way. Not prepared for the heat coursing through him, for the ever building heat as Billy scorches a trail to his cock.

Billy's mouth hangs open as he watches Steve, his sounds getting louder as Billy gets closer to his cock. Billy wants to watch Steve cum like this, wants to see him spill as Billy marks him like an animal and Steve does. As soon as the hot spray of Billy's piss hits his dick Steve is shooting without a single touch, just wet hot heat. spurts of cum watered down by piss hitting the tile and sliding away.

Billy keeps going until he is dry, lets the rest spill over Steve's pretty dick that keeps kicking and spurting even as it finally starts to soften. One last little spurt of cum spitting out just before Billy's stream cuts off.

It is fucking beautiful the picture Steve makes and Billy is already half hard again as he drops to his knees hands all over Steve uncaring of the mess he has made of him as he kisses him sloppily. Steve whines and shudders as Billy's hand finds his dick fingers trailing over Steve's piss covered softened flesh. "Marked you mine now bitch." Billy practically growls as he bites at the skin of Steve's neck.

"Don't call me a bitch or I won't let you do that again asshole." Steve huffs flicking Billy's ear.

"Sure you won't." Billy murmurs teeth in his flesh and Steve gives him

another flick for it.

"Let's get cleaned up before a janitor catches us, you made a fucking mess of me." Steve huffs, he had already finished showering when Billy pushed him to his knees but now he definitely needs another one.

"Nah let me take you home like this, I'm just going to dirty you up again once we get there" Billy tries sucking and Steve flicks him a third time, sure he is trying to leave a mark that will last, much too high to hide.

"Absolutely not." Steve hisses, neck stinging when Billy bites down hard one final time before pulling back with a self satisfied smirk. "Dick."

"You always look so good covered in me, can't help it." Billy's hands slide over Steve's neck, thumb pressing into the mark.

"Give me a kiss and then I'm washing your piss off of me." Steve says nose wrinkling, in the heat of the moment it had just been hot but now that it is cooling on his skin Steve is a little grossed out.

"You'll let me do it again though, right?" Billy asks a hopeful glint in his eyes as he leans in close.

Steve gives an exaggerated sigh "I suppose we can do it again if you're good." Steve laughs as he falls over ass hitting the cool damp tile as Billy presses all of his weight on him and kisses him deeply.

-TBC

Notes for the Chapter:

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>

Steve's turn next

2. Steve

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve cuts off as one of Billy's hands comes up and tickles him, a laugh spilling out of him before it cuts off in a gasp as the flood gates open and suddenly his whole dick is warm and wet as piss slides down his thighs and over Billy's belly sliding over his stomach.

Wet and Messy Part 2 Steve

Steve is panting cock spent as Billy's softens inside of him, sweat cooling on their skin. Billy below him is in a similar state but far less worn as Steve has been doing all of the hard work. Billy's hands find his hips holding tight when Steve goes to lift up.

"Stay a while you're warm." Billy gives his hips a little roll to indicate exactly what part of him he wants Steve to continue keeping warm and Steve does not think it is attractive, really he dose not.

"What about me, it's getting colder. I want my clothes." Steve says with pursed lips "that's my shirt asshole." Steve hisses angrily when Billy uses his shirt to clean the cum from his belly. Billy is quick to pull Steve down, have them chest to chest, one hand keeping Steve's hips where he wants them, keeping Steve stuffed with his cock and cum.

Billy drags a spare towel over them, making sure Steve is covered and that has him settling, accepting Billy's firm hold. "Better princess?" Steve rolls his eyes at Billy's smug tone and pinches one of his nipples hard, moaning a little as Billy bucks up with a groan making his softening dick shift, a little bit of cum managing to escape. "Knock it off brat."

Steve just rolls his eyes again with a huff, would have something to say but Billy tilts his head up and draws him in for a kiss instead. They stay like that, making out softly under the moonlight still connected, the towel tucked in tight around them until Steve has to pee and even then he waits as long as he can, content to linger in this softness until he really has to go.

"Let me up Billy." Steve demands with a squirm, Billy's hand only going tighter on his hip, one hand hot and heavy across his back keeping him from rising more than an inch away from Billy's chest. "Come on, I have to pee." Steve explains and expects Billy to let him up especially when that hand shifts from his back. Steve tosses the towel off, shivering at the chill and tries to shift, to move to get up but both of Billy's hands have found their way to his hips and Billy is holding on tight, fingers digging in and Steve is pretty sure there are going to be bruises in the morning. "If you don't let me up I'm going to piss on you." Steve hisses, he really has to go.

"Do it." Billy says licking over his lips and Steve is sure he is teasing but he still does not relent and the chill in the air is making his need to pee even worse. He does not have time for Billy's games.

"I'm fucking serious." Steve warns, trying to pry Billy's finger from his hips to no avail only succeeding in making Billy grip at him harder.

"So am I" Billy leers up at him, licking over his grinning mouth and Steve groans, face going pinched. Why is he surprised,. of course Billy is serious.

"I-" Steve's tongue sticks as he tries to wrap his mind around what Billy is asking, sure Billy has pissed on him but that is different, Steve does not think he can do it even if the thought makes his gut go a little warm.

"It's okay baby make a mess of me, I'm already covered in your cum, let's try a new fluid." Billy encourages pupils eating up his irises as he

stares up at Steve hungrily.

Steve chews his lip, Billy's fingers still firm and honestly he tries despite the hesitation because he always tries to give Billy what he wants. It makes him flush trying to piss while under that gaze and he has to close his eyes because despite having to go Billy's eyes boring into him is making it difficult. After a few minutes of nothing Steve squirms, Billy's cock and cum shifting around in him, he cannot do it, it is not going to happen.

"I can't Billy." Steve whines "let-" Steve cuts off as one of Billy's hands comes up and tickles him, a laugh spilling out of him before it cuts off in a gasp as the flood gates open and suddenly his whole dick is warm and wet as piss slides down his thighs and over Billy's belly sliding over his stomach. Steve just sits there in shock as he keeps pissing so surprised.

Billy is not still, isn't quiet, is moaning under him and it is Billy's cock filling back out inside of him that brings Steve's brain back on line as he stares down at Billy awed by his reaction. Steve is half hard and still pissing, yellow stream now coming out in an arch that splashes higher up Billy's chest over his nipples and Steve cannot help it as he reaches forward and tweaks one pert nipple making Billy buck and Billy's fingers having gone lax in his initial pleasure go tight again. Billy is a mess moaning as he bucks up into Steve without any rhythm even as Steve's stream cuts of dick fully hardening as Billy presses up into his prostate.

"Who's the bitch now?" Steve asks planting a hand on either side of Billy's head before he starts moving up and down on Billy's cock, his own hard dick leaking more than drips of piss onto Billy's stomach.

"Been a bitch for you since I got to this shitty town pretty boy, you should know that by now." Billy says as his arms come up around Steve's ribs and he flips them over.

Steve squirms and pulls a face as his back hits the damp picnic blanket under them where the piss had slid down Billy's ribs to soak into the fabric and he knows it was intentional, that Billy aimed for the wet spot because that is just who he is. "You're a mushy asshole." Steve says moaning as Billy pushes his legs wide, hands sliding to Steve's inner thighs and pressing him open, this angle putting near constant pressure on his prostate.

"That's what you like about me baby." Billy says with a grin momentum building as he fuck into Steve even harder balls making loud slapping sound as they connect with his ass, Billy's cum sliding out of Steve each time he pulls out before slamming back in. Steve's words dissolve as the heat grows in his belly dick leaking heavily as it bounces. Neither one of them is going to last and Billy gets a hand around Steve's cock stroking him hard and fast, a mirror of his thrust.

"Cum for me, make even more of a mess." Billy groans out back arching, hips going flush with Steve's ass as he fills him up even more. Billy's hand on his dick goes almost too tight as Billy's hot cum fills him up and Steve is helpless as he cums all over himself and Billy's hands in spurts, Steve's vision going hazy with how hard his orgasm hits him.

Billy is still inside of him, keeping him full of his soft cock and cum as Steve comes too and when he squirm it only makes Billy settle his weight more firmly on him, hands sliding under his shoulder blades before hooking over his shoulders and holding him still, keeping them flush. "Seriously haven't you had enough of this?" Steve asks, feeling sticky and gross sweat, piss, and cum trapped and cooling on their bellies and his dick.

"Not even a little bit." Billy says teeth dragging over his neck and Steve sighs sure he is going to leave another mark, he always does. The wet spot against his back is uncomfortable, making his skin start to itch and Steve squirms again, tries to push Billy up and off of him tired of this. Billy moves them both over a few inches just enough to

put Steve on a dry section of the blanket, careful not to give Steve enough room to dislodge him. Steve huffs annoyed, tired of this, feels gross at being covered in so many drying fluids.

“You’re gross.” Steve complains and Billy just snorts his laughter into his neck. “We are gross, this is gross. I want to go home.” He desperately wants a shower, they both need one.

“In a little bit.” Billy says unmoving, keeping Steve pinned and full as he drags that towel back over them for warmth, kissing at Steve’s pout until his mouth softens and he is kissing back.

End

Notes for the Chapter:

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